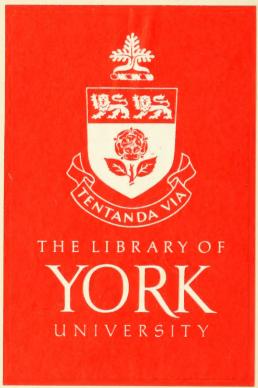
EACH IN HIS
OWN TONGUE
AND OTHER POEMS
BY WILLIAM
HERBERT CARRUTH



C. HAROLD BERRY







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EACH IN . HIS OWN TONGUE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH



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BY

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

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MY WILL

FOR thee my will, which I've been told Imperious was and hard to hold—For thee't is changed; I think't is right That I should tell thee how the might Of love like thine my soul doth mould. So heed once more thy teacher bold, Whose heart hath not with years grown cold;

Life's lesson I will read aright For thee, my Will:

Age sweeter grows if love unfold
Our being while we're growing old;
Who'd wish to be more erudite
Than read with lover's deeper sight
The lore that's writ in living gold
For thee, my Will.

FRANCES SCHLEGEL CARRUTH.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwe!!;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:

Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

A RHYME OF THOMAS THE DOUBTER

W HEN the Master had finished the story of the sower and the seed,

And had shown his disciples the lesson of rock and wayside and weed,

Then up spoke Thomas the Doubter, and his brow was furrowed with thought,—

He had seen a darker problem in the lesson that was taught.

"Master," said Thomas the Doubter, when the seed sown is the word,

I can see the meaning right plainly of the lesson we have heard;

"But, Master, say that the sower were God and the seed were men,

And some of them fell by the wayside, what were the lesson then?

- "For I see men daily, my brothers, like the seed of which you spoke,
- And among the thorns fall many, and the thorns spring up and choke.
- "And some of them, good Master, fall where the soil is scant,
- And they perish there for the absence of the life for which they pant.
- "It is easy," said Thomas the Doubter, "for those on good soil cast,
- For they have their joy of living and the harvest at the last;
- "But those who fall by the wayside, in thorns and on stony ground,
- Are they like the seed grain scattered by a careless hand around?"
- But the Master was silent and mournful, and his brow was furrowed with thought,
- And there lay on his soul a burden which Thomas the Doubter had wrought.

GOD BLESS YOU

WHEN you've struggled hard and long

And the battle has gone wrong

And a world of cares oppress you,

Like cool water from a spring,

Like the balm the south winds bring,

Are the simple words, "God bless you."

When you're going far away,
Far from all you love to stray,
And the parting-pangs distress you,
Like a sunbeam in the heart,
Though the choking tears may start,
Are the words, "Good-by, God bless
you."

When the bitter days are past,
When your joy is full at last,
And the winds of heaven caress you,

Then the heart will overflow
While the happy head bends low
And a true friend says, "God bless
you."

Be his faith in James or Paul,
One God, many, or none at all,
Whose kind lips the words address
you,

Nothing matters; when it needs, Doubts, philosophies and creeds Are forgotten in "God bless you."

IT IS GLORY ENOUGH

IT is glory enough to have shouted the name

Of the living God in the teeth of an army of foes;

To have thrown all prudence and forethought away

And for once to have followed the call of the soul

Out into the danger of darkness, of ruin and death.

To have counselled with right, not success, for once,

Is glory enough for one day.

It is glory enough for one day

To have marched out alone before the seats of the scornful,

Their fingers all pointing your way;

To have felt and wholly forgotten the branding-iron of their eyes;

To have stood up proud and reliant on only your soul

And go calmly on with your duty—
It is glory enough.

It is glory enough to have taken the perilous risk;

Instead of investing in stocks and paidup insurance for one,

To have fitted a cruiser for right to adventure a sea full of shoals;

To sail without chart and with only the stars for a guide;

To have dared to lose with all the chances for losing

Is glory enough.

It is glory enough for one day

To have dreamed the bright dream of the reign of right;

To have fastened your faith like a flag to that immaterial staff

And have marched away, forgetting your base of supplies.

And while the worldly wise see nothing but shame and ignoble retreat,

And though far ahead the heart may faint and the flesh prove weak—

To have dreamed that bold dream is glory enough,

Is glory enough for one day.

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

W E are all of us dreamers of dreams; On visions our childhood is fed;

And the heart of the child is unhaunted, it seems,

By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.

From childhood to youth 's but a span And the years of our youth are soon sped;

Yet the youth is no longer a youth, but a man,

When the first of his dreams is dead.

There's no sadder sight this side the grave

Than the shroud o'er a fond dream spread,

And the heart should be stern and the eyes be brave

To gaze on a dream that is dead.

'T is as a cup of wormwood and gall
When the doom of a great dream is
said,

And the best of a man is under the pall When the best of his dreams is dead.

He may live on by compact and plan
When the fine bloom of living is shed,
But God pity the little that 's left of a
man

When the last of his dreams is dead.

Let him show a brave face if he can,
Let him woo fame or fortune instead,
Yet there's not much to do but bury a
man

When the last of his dreams is dead.

WHEN THE CANNON BOOMS

WHEN the cannon booms,
When the war-drums rattle fiercely
And the feet of men in khaki hammer
time out on the pave,

It is easy to be brave;
It is easy to believe that God is angry
with the other

Man, our brother,

And has left the sword of Gideon in our wayward human hand,

When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the battle-flags are fluttering and
men are going mad
With the blind desire for glory,
Filled with visions grand and gory

It is easy to assent

To the Corsican blasphemer's scoffing creed;

It is easy to believe God is with the big battalions,

Whether cherubim or hellions, When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,

When the primal love of fighting stirs the tiger in our blood,

> And the fascinating smell Of the sulphur-fumes of hell

Rouses memories of the pit from which our human nature rose,

It is easy to forget

God was not found in the earthquake, in the strong wind or the fire;

It is easy to forget how at last the prophet heard Him

As a still, small voice, When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms, When the war-lords strut and swagger

And the battle-ships are plowing for the bitter crop of death,

While the shouting rends the ear, Echoing from the empyrean,

It it difficult to hear

Through the din the Galilean

With his calm voice preaching peace on earth to men;

'T will be easier to claim,
If we will, the Christian name,

To become as little children and be men of gentle will,

When the cannon booms—the cannon booms—no more.

HOW CAN ONE HEART HOLD THEM BOTH?

SNOWY bosoms, silks, and musk,
Music, laughter, raillery, wit;—
Thin forms slinking through the dusk
Where despair and famine flit:
Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,
How can one heart hold them both?

Books, seclusion, lettered labor,
Burning thirst for name and fame;—
Helpful love for friend and neighbor,
Sympathy for blind and lame:
Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,
How can one heart hold them both?

Art, æsthetic teas, and science,
Pride, precedence, pedigrees;—
Gaunt toil full of fierce defiance,
Hovels full of fell disease:
Poet, statesman, tell me sooth,
How can one State hold them both?

THE TIME TO STRIKE

MY God, I am weary of waiting for the year of jubilee;

I know that the cycle of man is a moment only to thee;

They have held me back with preaching what the patience of God is like,

But the world is weary of waiting; will it never be time to strike?

When my hot heart rose in rebellion at the wrongs my fellows bore,

It was "Wait until prudent saving has gathered you up a store";

And "Wait till a higher station brings value in men's eyes";

And "Wait till the gray-streaked hair shall argue your counsel wise."

The hearts that kindled with mine are caught in the selfsame net;

One waits to master the law, though his heartstrings vibrate yet;

And one is heaping up learning, and many are heaping up gold,

And some are fierce in the forum, while slowly we all wax old.

The rights of man are a byword; the bones are not yet dust

Of those who broke the shackles and the shackles are not yet rust

Till the masters are forging new ones, and coward lips are sealed

While the code that cost a million lives is step by step repealed.

The wily world-enchantress is working her cursed charm,

The spell of the hypnotizer is laming us head and arm;

The wrong dissolves in a cloudbank of "whether" and "if" and "still,"

And the subtleties of logic inhibit the sickly will.

The bitter lesson of patience I have practised, lo! these years;

Can it be, what has passed for prudence was prompted by my fears?

2

Can I doubt henceforth in my choosing, if such a choice I must have,

Between being wise and craven or being foolish and brave?

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by the strong,

Whenever the voice of honor is drowned by the howling throng,

Whenever the right pleads clearly while the lords of life are dumb,

The times of forbearance are over and the time to strike is come.

PEACE, BE STILL

PEACE, storm and conflict, peace!
What is the use? be still!
Catch breath, and feel the thrill
Of the remorseless engine pumping
out your life days one by one.
What is the fight when won?
Cease, hot rebellion, cease!

That tempest, where is it now?
The wren on the cherry-bough
Bubbles with pent-up joy;
The cricket there in the grass is as
sober now as before; the teamster whistles and the maid
trudges void of thought;

Pass your hand over your brow; Where is that tempest now?

Nowhere, then, but within?

There, too, let it subside.

See the sweet sunshine sleeping on that wall!

The sky is blue and wide;

Out yonder, kin by kin,

Thousands, their hot pulse stilled forever 'neath the sod, sleep, storms and all,—

They, too, would have their will; What have they now? Be still.

IF HE SHOULD COME

F He should come in such a guise
As once He wore 'neath Judah's skies

And walk about as He did then Among the busy throngs of men, And call them to the Last Assize. -Would not He meet incredulous eves And pity or amused surprise From every Christian citizen, If He should come?

The scribes and Pharisees would not rise.

Stung by His lashings of their lies, To nail Him to the cross again, But merely tap their foreheads when He spoke, with sympathetic sighs, If He should come.

THE PLAINT OF THE FRUITLESS FIG-TREE

HAD been humbly following his path From the low manger where he saw the light,

Through all its wanderings until the day
When the glad populace strewed the
way with palms

Before the King upon the ass's foal.

I think that exultation and amaze

Must have contended in him, and the

Of Judah regnant may have dazzled him.

He turned away and went to Bethany
To let the dizzy surge of blood recede
And leave him calm to meet the coming
doom.

Thither I followed, and at sultry noon I sank beside the road beneath a tree That spread a scanty foliage of brown And cast the shadow of a shadow o'er The turfy hummock where I laid my head.

I thought I would not sleep, and fixed my eye

On one unhappy tuft of yellow leaves,
A-marvelling how the all-enlivening
spring

Had left this one tree destitute of green.

And as I gazed the quivering noon was
moved:

A little zephyr set the leaves astir, And from their midst the eager silence spoke:

"I am the fruitless fig-tree;
Hearken what made my name
In all the wide world-garden
A byword and a shame.

"Bright were the spring days on me, My spreading leaves among The pale green buds were swelling, And low my branches hung.

"Weary and sorely troubled Came one along the way, And paused with his friends beside me, Late on a sunny day.

24 The Plaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree

"Vainly among my branches
For cooling fruit they sought—
Surely they knew that in April
The search must be for nought?

"Stern grew the brow of the leader;
He opened his mouth and spake
A heavy curse against me,—
A curse for the season's sake.

"How could I comprehend it?
I thought he must know why;
And I saw my foliage wither
With only a gentle sigh.

"But the little birds that gathered Beneath my leaves at night, And the bees, were grieved about it And could not find it right.

"I have questioned many a doctor And many a cowled saint, But none of them all can tell me The cause of my punishment. "And so through summer and winter Barren and brown I stand:

I grieve and puzzle about it And cannot understand.

"I am waiting now for the Judgment, For the dawn of the righteous day,

When the curse and the shame and the evil fame

Shall be lifted and blown away."

The shifting sunlight fell athwart my eves,---

I stirred, and opened them, and looking up

Beheld the dull green branches full of fruit.

I got my staff in hand, and all the way To Bethany I marvelled o'er and o'er,

Whether I dreamed at first, and made the plaint

While wide awake, or whether when I woke

I woke into a dream, or whether when I read that strange tale in the Book, I dream.

THE BROTHER OF THE PRODIGAL SON

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BROTHER
AND THE FATHER OF THE PRODIGAL

THE BROTHER

Sire, my heart is sore to-day;
Sire, I have somewhat to say.
I do not grudge my brother aught
Of the joys this day has brought;
Less thou couldst not well have done,
Seeing that he is thy son;
Yet it rankles in my heart,—
I that chose the better part
Never from thy lips have heard
Blessing or approving word.

THE FATHER

Yea, the better part hadst thou, Hence no need of comfort now. Thou dost know the joy serene Come of hand and conscience clean. Every time we sat at food Was a feast of gratitude: Duty's blessings clustering hung Daily the dark leaves among.

THE BROTHER

Sire, the heart thou know'st not well; Very little it doth tell In the glow of youth's springtide Of a conscience satisfied. Nay, a poor joy it would be To contemplate constantly How in spite of us the real Falls below the high ideal. Duty 's not the only tooth Gnawing at the heart of youth.

THE FATHER

Son, thou grievest me right sore,— Scarce thy brother grieved me more; He was blind, and blinding sin Hid the way that he was in: He has chewed the bitter root. Found how little it doth boot:

Now an outcast, contrite, poor, Comes he to his father's door, And thou grudgest him a sup From thine ever-brimming cup.

THE BROTHER

When my brother went away
And my duty bade me stay,
Think not 't was an easy thing;
I too heard the sirens sing,
And that song rang in my ears
All the dull, monotonous years
While with cheerless heart I wooed
That cold, unresponsive prude
Virtue, and the sun will set
With the sweet song ringing yet.

THE FATHER

Much I marvel at thy word; Such wild thoughts I never heard From thine erewhile temperate tongue Here, the white-fleeced flocks among. Daily with the calm-eyed kine Following down the furrow-line, Whence, in such meek company, Did these fierce thoughts come to thee? Sure thy brain is overwrought That thou countest virtue naught.

THE BROTHER

Virtue is a glittering star,
Very cold and very far;
Sin is warm and fierce and near,
Ever whispering in our ear.
You whose arteries quiet flow,
Little do you dream or know,
While we go about our work,
How the lures of hell do lurk
In the unseen, surging flood
Of our hot, tempestuous blood.

THE FATHER

Sin at hand and virtue far,—
Soul and sense in thee at war,—
Yet the struggle left no trace
On thy firm, impassive face?
This is born of some disease;
Never such mad words as these
Came from thine own natural heart
From all poison-taint apart.

Or is thine unwarded breast By some evil fiend possessed?

THE BROTHER

In the heart's recesses sit All the demons of the pit. Bound with chains of slightest hair Which an easy breath may tear. Some in beauty perilous Unto pleasure beckon us, Some in monstrous shapes of doubt Scoff our better yearnings out;-Such companions hath the soul While the placid seasons roll.

THE FATHER

At the thought of this thy strife, As from out another life. From the chambers of my past Phantom memories gather fast Of the storms of other days. Time hath greatly changed my ways; Duty's habitude doth keep Youth's dead passions buried deep, Yet these conflicts once were mine And my youth was like to thine.

THE BROTHER

Duty, sire, is like the moon, Love is like the sun at noon. Duty has no heat to make Roses from the thorn-bush break. Love, love, love, O sire, I crave,-Love can make the faint heart brave. He who treads the flowerless path Likewise need of comfort hath; All the charms of virtue prove Dust beside the balm of love.

THE FATHER

Son, my heart is strangely moved: Justly do I stand reproved. All too lightly I forgot The temptations of thy lot: Homely duties fitly borne Match the prodigal's return. Yea, for him who never wandered. Not less than for him who squandered His endowment, should there be Fatted calf and jubilee. (They go together to the feast)

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY

JESUS sat in the treasury,
Answering scribe and Pharisee
Questions of law and subtlety.

Thither a woman to him they brought In the act of adultery caught, Worthy of death, as Moses taught;

Knowing that Jesus' teachings were Love and mercy for all that err, Asked him what they should do with her.

Stooping, Jesus wrote on the floor Something the wise men pondered o'er--Hid from the world forevermore.

"He that hath no sins of his own May be the first, and he alone, At the woman to cast a stone." This is the judgment the judges heard; Thence they slunk with never a word; Neither he nor the woman stirred.

After a silence Jesus said: "Whither are thine accusers fled? Hath none against thee witnessed?"

Answered the woman humbly, "No." "Cease from sin," said Jesus; "and lo! Neither do I condemn thee. Go."

Natheless the woman did not rise: Lifted only her shame-red eyes, Gazing at Jesus in helpless wise:

"Death and shame await me whether I turn me hither or turn me thither: Go, sayest thou; but, Master, whither?"

Did Jesus leave her lying low? Gladly the puzzled world would know Whither the Master bade her go.

HEAVEN AND HELL

THE preacher paused at paragraph Eight,

In the midst of Paradise;

From One to Six he had painted the fate Of the victims of wilful vice,

And now he allured to a nobler life With visions of future bliss,

Where ease shall atone for present strife And the next world balance this.

But ere he could take up caput Nine Some one opened the outer door,

And heads were turned down the main aisle line

At the sound of feet on the floor;

A woman with eyes that brooked no bar Strode through the gallery arch,

In her right hand bearing a water-jar And in her left a torch.

The preacher lifted his solemn eyes And mildly shook his head;

He gazed at the woman in grieved surprise

Who had broken his sermon's thread; He raised his voice while she still was far And hoped to stay her march:

"What would you here with your waterjar,

And what would you here with the torch?"

"A shame," she cried, "on your coward creed!

And have you no faith in man?
I bear this witness 'gainst fear and greed,
I burn and quench as I can:

The torch I bear to set heaven afire And the water to put out hell,

That men may cease to do good for hire, And the evil from fear to quell."

She came near the altar and swung her torch,

And dashed the water around,

Then turned and passed through aisle and through porch,

While the people sat spell-bound.

She walks the earth with her emblems dire

And she works her mission well: The torch to set high heaven afire

And the water to put out hell.

Thus is partly wither

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO WOMEN

'T IS nearly nineteen hundred years
Since the Judean shepherds
heard

Peal from the solemn, starlit sky
The one supreme, long-needed word,—
Needed as sadly now as then:
"Peace and good will on earth to men."

Alas! they caught no chord that hymn in Of peace on earth, good will to women.

Marie !

Down the stern centuries since that night
The angel prophecy has thrilled,
Aye echoing through the upper air;
On earth it still is unfulfilled.
Men hear the song, strife does not cease;
Never will come the age of peace
Until the carol with new vim in
Brings peace on earth, good will to
women.

38 Peace on Earth, Good Will to Women

The potentates of Christendom

Preach peace to-day with Gatlingguns;

Statesmen, to spread good will on earth, Make cannon-food of mothers' sons;

Yet even in the hot battle's breath

The Red Cross soothes the pangs of death,

While eyes the light of life grows dim in Pray, "Peace on earth, good will to women."

To man the race, not men the sex,

The message from on high was sent;
These weary centuries in vain

Men sought, alone, the Christ's intent.

Now, with new-dowered inner ear,
In the angelic strain we hear

A swelling theme, the round world's

rim in,—

"Peace and good will to men and women!".

AN HONEST CHRISTENING

THE MOTHER

MY God,
I pledge this child to Thee,
To serve Thee three score years and ten.
Although Thine image is in me
So spoilt, Thou scarce wouldst know't
again,—

So warpéd from its sacred uses,
So scarred and twisted by abuses
My own life is but half alive,
I see not how my babe can thrive,—
Yet grant this prayer to me.
I pledge this child to Thee,
My God.

My God.

THE FATHER

O Lord,
My fathers' God,
I pledge this child to all things good.
I know that passion's lava-flood
From the first hour consumes its blood;

Thou knowest the quenchless poisonthirst

That long my father's house has cursed.

This is my babe's inheritance:

Passion, disease, intemperance.

And yet, O Lord, My fathers' God,

I pledge this child to all things good.

THE 13TH VENDÉMIAIRE

ST. ROCH, PARIS, 1881

FACING these steps he stood—the man of fate—

Nearly a hundred years ago—a young man then—

New in the world and only a few years out of his mother's arms;

All the thousands of restless women and men

Now in the streets and the shops were dust and ashes then;

All that saw him here, save the church walls and the sun,

Are gone now, who knows where? and the day, too, it is gone.

Down the little street and there where the houses are

Came the citizen troops, as they thought, in a righteous war—

Law and order and right against anarchy and wrong.

Was it the will of a single man—a hired machine—

Or the vast design of God that gave the order to fire?

Strange how little we know! But if the order had failed,

Or the advancing lines had been a little more strong,

Thousands of lives like ours that were spent for a good unseen—

By them or us—had passed in peace and joy.

Thousands of hearts that bled, and voices that wailed

For the husbands, lovers, and sons whose bones were scattered by him

Over the charnel-house of Europe for twenty years,

Had throbbed and sung their joys a lifetime as ours do now.

But we who know the whole would scarce have chosen this way,

The way of ruin and woe, as the way of beauty and love;—

Was it the voice of the will of a man like us—

Blind and cruel and selfish—that gave the order to fire,

Or the hidden purpose of God? It is hard to say.

Yonder on Belgium's plain, where the British lion stands

With conquering paw on the world, his end came too.

Twenty years of war, of anguish, ruin, and death,

Between this day and that—and here the beginning of all.

Can it be that in him, that one small, silent man,

With his sluggish pulse that beat but one to our two,

The seed of this whole bitter tree was lying on that day?

Only a single word,—if God had not wished it so,

He might have stopped him then, it seems; a wandering ball

Had changed the course of the world—but it must be

That this heartless servant of death was God's servant too.

Only a word—and the great, cold, grinning guns

Spoke with a voice whose echoes lasted for twenty years;

And there where the houses are and the careless people go,

Lay the soulless bodies of men, their blood where the water flows,

Stood the wavering ranks of the living soon to die.

Two short hours, and all was over, the harvest begun.

The steps and the walls of the church—God's house—they do not blush

For the shame they saw that day—God must have wished it so.

Little we know of His ways—we are blind; let us go.

THE PHANTOM GUEST

WE pull together in the yoke
Of duty, neither shirking;
I long to praise that heart of oak,
But shrink, and keep on working;
Yet oft I think what I should feel
And say, should aught betide him,—
If he were lying cold and still
And I stood warm beside him.

We two are rivals in the race;
He wins the prize I covet;
I hate him frankly and lack grace
To keep my heart above it;
Yet hate would be a tale that 's told,
And gladly I 'd abide him,
If he were lying still and cold
And I stood warm beside him.

'T is years that we have been estranged, Well-nigh forgot the reason; All but our cursed pride has changed, Changed with the changing season; Yet I could weep for him until

His numb, dumb heart should chide
him,

If he were lying cold and still And I stood warm beside him.

How many hates would be as not,
How many wrongs be righted,
Kind words be spoken, now forgot,
Deeds done that now are slighted,
If each man had, like them of old,
This phantom guest to guide him,—
His fellow lying still and cold,
Himself all warm beside him!

THE SONG BEHIND THE SHUTTER

WALK the streets at night alone,
The white lights stare and sputter.
My feet keep time on the pavementstone

To the song behind the shutter.

Behind the shutter the good folk sit;
By the mirth that follows after
I note the burst of each sally of wit,
I hear their glee and laughter.

Their glee and laughter flow unchecked
By any haunting pity
For the helmless bark that is drifting
wrecked
On the joyous shores of their city.

Alone at night I walk the streets,

The white lights stare and sputter;
For hours my homeless heart repeats
The song behind the shutter.

VON FERNE

AS one who from his faithful house-hold goes

Upon a distant journey, set about With unknown dangers, yet looks

bravely out

Beyond the toils and troubles that he knows

Will settle on his future like the snows
Of winter, and he dreams of that glad

day

When home no longer shall be far away,

And cheers his spirit thus when faith burns low—

So I here on the border of these years

Through which my feet must wander
all alone,

Heart-weary, have one only thought that cheers:

That after all the bitter days have flown,

And after all the heart-ache and the tears,

My faithful love at last may claim its own.

UNWEIT DEM ZIEL

THE wanderer who has left his home behind

To seek a happier one 'neath other skies, After long days on comfortless ways that rise

And turn, footsore and heartsore, eyes tearblind,

Mounting a higher peak than others, will find

A glorious vision of the longed-for place

Stretching sun-kissed along the mountain's base,

Then goes on cheered and strengthened, body and mind.

After unsatisfied yearnings and great fears

Such vision has this summer been to me,

Full of unspeakable happiness with thee.

Into the not-far, ah! but too-far years
When such a summer all our life shall
be,—

And short the onward journey now appears.

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HEIM

WHOM all the choir has sung as wayward, coy,

A dear delusion, always just ahead, But never to a son of mortal wed,

Given but to lure us on forever, Joy!

A resting-place she's found that does not cloy,

And she has made her lasting home with me;

Sweeter she found the days with Love and thee

Than heartless with a million hearts to toy.

Ah, with what flowing heart of thankfulness

I think of thee to whom all this I owe,—

The better life, the hope, the peacefulness

Of spirit, and the happiness I know;

I thank thee, and I pray that God may bless,

And grant that stronger still our love may grow.

IMMERGRUEN

CHILL winds and gloomy skies are driving fast

The summer's glory southward; life runs low;

Despairingly the helpless leaves let go And tremble graveward on the heartless blast;

The feathered minnesingers, too, have passed

To happier lands where death and winter rob not;

Nature's great heart seems still, her pulses throb not;

O'er all the world despair and gloom are cast.

Without, despair, but, God! what joy within!

A happiness that, thought of, makes me start;

Unfading blooms and songs undying, when

From outward nature all her charms depart,—

For from the sunshine of thy love I win

An everlasting springtime in my
heart.

A GREETING

COURAGE and hope go with thee, who hast been

Courage and hope to those thou leav'st behind.

Swift as thou run'st thy errand of the mind

Our swifter thoughts outspeed thee still, I ween,

And go before thee all unheard, unseen,

Forming a presence that shall make more kind

The rude caresses of the salty wind,

More restful still the old town bowered in green.

Behold, the days are dust that glitters and falls,

The years but as the briefest summer night,—

Scarce dark, and dawn is on the eastward slope.

Two things abide: the mighty spirit whose calls

Thou followest seaward, and that love whose light

More swiftly follows thee. Courage and hope!

ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD.

AN ANSWER

IN these scholastic glooms, my hand still warm

With that fond parting from my West, my world,

If from the dark behind a coward arm
At my bowed head some poisoned
lance had hurled,

I could have borne it well. As the sharp blast

Brings back the life to one about to faint,

Such an attack had made my hands clench fast

And set lips send defiance, not complaint.

But thy dear benison falls on my heart Like kindly sunshine on a frozen slope,

Melting my numbing will, and downward start

The hot and homesick tears. Yet will I hope

The mellowed soil thus moistened may bring forth

A better harvest than that icy earth.

IN ABSENCE-TO HER PICTURE

WHEN the hour comes for putting out the light

I go to greet thy picture at the last And the dear eyes resistless hold me fast—

I cannot blot that sweetness with the night;

I stay my breath, the salt mist blinds my sight,

But still, love-lustrous when the mist is past,

Reproachful trust those dear orbs on me cast,

And guilty sorrow overcomes me quite. E'en so, meseems, in fierce Othello's breast

The strife ran, when with purpose passion-fired

He gazed on that fair sleeper, doomed to death

Unknowing. Then with jealouspoisoned breath

He quenched that light forever. I, inspired

By thy dear will, snuff mine, and go to rest.

WASTED SUNSHINE

DEAR God, thy gentle sunlight falls
Adown the shimmering green
So lovingly on these cold walls
And the bright turf between.

It falls so pitilessly sweet
Across my lonesome way,—
Its comfort lies about my feet
In vain, this weary day.

For like a blow my heart doth smite
The autumn's golden glory,
As do the rays of heaven's light
The souls in purgatory.

Dear God, thy blessed sunlight falls
Athwart my glooming heart,
But leaves it cold as these cold walls
The while we are apart.

SONG AT SUNSET

THE sun goes down in the west,

To the land where the evening

star

Hangs bright on the evening's breast,—
To the land where my loved ones are.

But the sun, when the night is done, Comes up o'er the bitter main; Ah, if I were the setting sun I never should rise again!

FAITH

A LTHOUGH I know she is miles away,

I search for her face in the crowd all day;

My hungry eyes wander like Noah's dove And find in the man-flood no sign of my love.

I know it is foolish, but eyes are too true To give up the quest, though they 've never a clue;

One day they shall find the one face 'neath the sun

And the parting and longing and watching be done.

WHEN MY LADY-LOVE LIVED HERE

NCE this street was holy ground, And the friendly walls around Seemed to smile as I came near, When my lady-love lived here.

So to-day I sought the place, Homesick for her blessed face, And the senseless walls of stone Made me feel the more alone.

Henceforth I will guard my feet When they wander toward this street, Desolate now as it was dear When my lady-love lived here.

When the spirit goes away Shall I shun its house of clay? Shall I only say, How drear, Since my love 's no longer here?

SHE WAS ALONG

WHEN last I went this way
The swaying elms among,
It was a joyous day—
She was along.

When the grand arch of sky,
The great air sweet and strong
Drew forth my soul's reply,
She was along.

A haunting faint perfume
Steals o'er me mid the throng;
When last I smelled that bloom
She was along.

A wild and nameless pain
Distracts me in the song:
Joy once was in the strain—
She was along.

Could I wipe out the past,
Would I thus do her wrong?
Shall I regret at last
She was along?

AFTER A WHILE

AFTER a while the goal I failed to gain

Will tease my heart no more, but sink from view;

The sting of loss will ease its sharper pain,

And life's invincible joyousness anew
My soul beguile
After a while.

After a while I shall not greatly care Whether my foes are fierce or friends are true;

I shall be satisfied to do my share,
Nor jealously insist upon my due,
Nor fate revile,
After a while.

After a while it will not hurt so sore

To look upon the spot she loved so

well;

I shall not feel so lonesome when the door

Opens and she comes not, missing the spell

Of her sweet smile, After a while.

After a while the night will pass away,—
The long, long night of waiting and of
woe;

My soul has longed for day or death, but day

Must come, must come, though specter-filled and slow

The hours defile, After a while.

AND SO WE TWO MUST PART AT LAST

And so we two must part at last,—

We who had said it could not be, So often in the past.

We shared a pinched and struggling youth,

We fought each other's battles all,

We kept each other's hopes alive Through bitterness and gall.

We mourned when others' loves were lost,

More closely each to each we drew; Seeing their faith in life go out Our hearts together grew.

Our paths led onward side by side;
The night came down, but aye serene
Into the gloom we walked, assured
That nought could come between.

64 And so We Two must Part at Last

But evil powers worked in the dark; Though near we heard each other's call,

When the darkness fled the rising day, Between us rose a wall.

And though the voice sound aye the

And though we say that nought has passed,

The evil day we feared so long Has come on us at last.

This was the last bond of our youth,
By this we know that we are men;
But we never again can love a man
As we loved each other then.

THE TOUCH OF TIME

THE very smile of God Lighted the feet that trod Love's rosy path one sweet, indelible day:

How hardly you had said That smile could ever fade Or that great splendor ever pass away!

Yet the day had its close; Another morning rose, Bright, but yet dull to what that day did give;

Not twice can human eyes Endure the vast surprise To look upon the face of God, and live.

> Now, tempered and subdued, Fitted to mortal mood, 65 5

The chastened light suffuses every hour;
The generous heavens throw
A pleasing afterglow
On other hearts, of Love's transfiguring

power.

For you, dear one, The warm, white sun Faded one day mid-sky, Grew faint and cold and high,

Seemed to mock you with its glare,

Its unsympathetic stare;

And you fled to the gloom Of your empty room, And the cold about your heart

Made you start,
Made you shiver,

And think of the quiet of the river.

And wonder if the sun would ever dare

to shine again.

But the implacable day
Rose prompt and mocking-warm,
(Ah, if you might have had a
week's delay—
Of night and storm!)

But the threads began to draw, Unseen, scarce felt, of Mother Nature's law.

> A homely duty here, A mean act there.

That roused the heat of wrath in your cold heart:

> A hand for help held out, And all about

Pervasive habit with her comforting arms.

So day by day The winter wore away; Life gained again his own, And Love regained his throne-Not less nor more, But wiser, stronger, and serener than

before.

ENTSCHLAFEN

OFT when the mother's hands have laid

To quiet sleep her babe so dear Her heart stands still with sudden fear

Lest this be Death in masquerade.

When the last silence of our clay
Falls on the blossom lips that late
Spake blessings inarticulate
And tried her name but yesterday,

The mother's heart with hope will leap—So faithful is the counterfeit—While something whispers low to it, "Thy little one has fallen asleep."

Ah, heaven, the dumb mystery
That lies below the unopening eye!
Named with the name that withers
joy,

At least we know not else of thee.

And thou dear Saxon mother-tongue,

When the loved form lies cold and stark,

When hope is sick and nature dark, And all the deep heartstrings are wrung,

When round the grave the mourners weep

Thank Heaven for thy sweet comforting,

As the priest's voice prays quavering, "Our little one has fallen asleep."

NATURE'S EPITAPH

Who knows where the graveyard is
Where the fox and the eagle lie?
Who has seen the obsequies
Of the red deer when they die?

With death they steal away
Out of the sight of the sun;
Out of the sight of the living, they
Pay the debt and are done.

No marble marks the place;
The common forest brown
Covers them over with Quaker grace
Just where they laid them down.

But a few years, if you see
In summer a deeper green
Here and there, it is like to be
The spot where their bones have been.

Thus, not more, to the poor dead year:
No grave, nor ghostly stone,
But a greener life and a warmer cheer
Be the only sign that he 's gone.

CHILDHOOD IN THE SLUMS

THESE little lips have learned
The language of wrath and sin,
And the cheeks of one unused grow
pale

At the sounds his ears take in.

Yet the thoughtless, unkind word
On the o'erwrought mother's part
Has found its way past the tiger spots
And broken the childish heart.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

м. н.

THROUGH life's enchanted palace did she keep

Her joyous way, heart-sunshine in her face

And on her lips a benedicial grace,

And eyes, it seemed, that knew not how to weep.

Then came a jealous fate; sudden and deep

He thrust the poisoned thorn; a little space,

And silence falls and darkness o'er the place—

And she and all the palace with her sleep.

There she lies spellbound sleeping, while the hedge

Of rose-thorned time divides us more each day,

Until the Lord of Love Immortal make

The thorns turn into bloom, hope's rosy pledge,

And on her waiting lips His warm kiss lay,

And she and all the palace with her wake.

O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?

C. A. G.

FOR twenty years did Nature wait without.

Besetting that storm-beaten tenement, Claiming her debt; from door to door she went,

Rude battering with all her hostile rout.

And we who helpless waiting stood about.

While frail walls tottered and light bolts were bent,

Dreading each day to see some fatal rent,

We marvelled how that house should prove so stout.

But Love was there, the lord of Life and Death,

And held the importunate enemy at bay;

Yet when his work was done, all peacefully

O Grave, Where Is Thy Victory? 75

As dawn grows day, Life yielded up his breath,

Surrendering to a vanquished enemy,

And took Love's hand in his and went away.

THE SETTING

C. A. G.

H IS lesser gems the lapidary sets
In cunning marvels of the goldsmith's art,

Whose fretted bars and filigrees impart

An added brilliance to their starry jets; But the great balls of diamond fire he lets Into plain circlets whence contrasted dart

Their lambent glories, dazzling in such sort

That the rapt sight the setting clean forgets.

God put the luminous soul of her who past Into that frail and anguish-stricken frame,

That its supernal splendor might contrast

With its sad setting, till the living flame

Burned the slight dross away, and at the last

Transfigured to the Master's crown she came.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN CHILDBIRTH

N. T. H.

"A LONE," we groan, when others die, "alone!"

Out of the joyous sunlight of this earth,

Through the dark portals of the second birth

Into the limitless Unknown, alone!

Ah, sad to stand before His splendid throne,

Or wander wistful mid celestial mirth, The human heart still hungry with love's dearth,

In all that City of God alone unknown!

How kinder Death to her! Behind the veil,

The sun-bright shadow cast athwart our night,

78 On One Who Died in Childbirth

Her angel lingered, lest her heart should fail,

Until, their souls well knit, they passed away,

Pure of the earth with pure of heaven aflight

Through God's wide fields, communing all the day.

HAGEN UND VOLKER

C. F. S.

(Nibelungenlied, Abenteur 29)

In the tense evening of that fatal day;

On Hagen's knees a naked sword there lay,

And Volker stroked his baleful fiddlebow.

So the Fair Vengeance found them counselling low;

No greeting but defiance offered they To her fierce menaces, and kept at bay With grim, sad eyes the wily Hunnish foe.

When insolent Fate, with doom in either hand

Came lording on us as we sat alone

Before the battle, friend, we did not rise,

But each read fealty in the other's eyes,

And like those doughty Niblungs dauntless scanned

Her scowling ministers, and faced them down.

WEEDS

POOR, homely, unloved things beside the way,

That strive in voiceless ignominy, still Undaunted though downtrodden, to fulfil

Your appointed purpose! Patient the long day

Ye take the buffetings of scornful clay, Sustained by that small portion of God's dew

Which thick-strewn dust permits to fall on you,

And live where finer herbs must wilt away.

Have ye, too, dreams of better things to be:

Of worlds in which the crooked shall be straight,

Where all that are in bondage shall be free

And lifted up all those of low estate; Where, to the thought that knows the potent seeds.

Weeds shall be e'en as flowers, flowers as weeds?

ADAM'S FIRST SLEEP

W HEN that first sleep on father Adam fell

And his sweet world of Eden swooned away,

Knowing nor sleep nor waking till that day

He had no other thought but all was well

And yielded all-confiding to the spell.

Lo, when the world of sense resumed its sway,

Supernal Eve, sleep-born, beside him lay,

And joy was his beyond what words can tell.

How foolish, then, our fears of that last sleep!

No more than Adam of the end we know.

When we lie down at last, may not we keep

Trust that the reawakening will show Life freed from clogs of error, pain, and pelf,

The old, sweet Eden, but a nobler self?

MOTHER, WHAT CHEER?

MOTHER, I stand upon the stormwhipt shore

Of that salt flood whose sources are our tears,

Whose other coast,—O land of hopes and fears!—

No man knows if it be, forevermore.

Mindful of thee I sadly reckon o'er

The clustering blessings of these later years;

My sun-kissed fields are full of bending ears,

The heaped grain lies about the threshing-floor.

But thou, mother,—I call across the flood

If haply any tiding I may hear.

Earth was a flint-strewn tread-mill where the blood

From thy brave feet marks out thy sad career,

And night fell ere thou sawest the dearbought good—

I call across the wave—Mother, what cheer?

SOMETHING REMAINS

FRIEND, there be some who say the gods are dead,

And all the grace of the world's earlier day

And lingering light of heaven passed away,

And the fine bloom of life forever shed; They say the dryads and the nymphs are fled;

No fauns or satyrs in the clearings play,

Ceres and Bacchus with their bright array

Winepress and threshing-floor no longer tread.

But never Hesiod tasted sweeter thing, Horace, nor Master Walther Vogelweid,

Than I who sit upon a carpet fair Of new-born verdure, in this joyous spring,

God in my heart, my dear ones at my side,

Glad just to breathe the universal air.

TO SOME FRIENDS MADE LONG AGO AT SEA

J. M. B.

DEAR phantoms of my summer's golden dream!

Across the gulf of miles and years I fling

This ghostly greeting, trusting it may sing

No swan-song of remembrance, but redeem

One sweet and pleasant thing from Lethe's stream,

Ere it be swept away. Fond images
Of the inconstant air! what sorceries
Shall I employ to make you what you
seem?

If, being dreams, I know that ye have been.

How can I know less surely that ye may

Become again substantial, and within Some interstellar argosy one day,

No dear one missing, we may meet again, And read earth's tales to while the time away.

GOD KNEW WHAT STORMY SEAS

P. D. A.

DEAR uncomplaining, sunny-hearted friend,

The storms that snap thy graver fellows short,

The waves that make our destinies their sport,

Leave thee still undismayed. The floods descend

On thy unrooféd home; the big clouds send

Merciless hail intent to blot thee out; Unfaltering above the ruin and rout

Thy clear voice rings serene unto the end.

I marvel much what spiritual mail

Thus keeps thee scatheless; yet let no man think

Unbroken is unfeeling,—thou'dst not quail,

But still be cheerful on the grave's sharp brink:

God knew what stormy seas thy bark should sail,

And made it buoyant that it might not sink.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE

L. E. S.

THE high, unearthly sweetness of these airs,

Wrung out long, long ago by love and grief

From the great master's heartstrings, for relief

Thrilling thus passionately through the years

Rather than break outright, into our ears

Steals softly, unannounced—a kindly thief,—

And, breathing on our dusty strings, in brief

Sets them to singing, and we stand in tears.

Type of the joys and woes of thousands, worn

Serenely and untrumpeted, but turned
87

Into the voiceless music of loving deeds,

Whose influence ineffable is borne
Round the great globe to cheerless
souls that yearned
In darkness for this answer to their
needs.

A POET TO A VIOLINIST

CAN set words in order; I can charm With thoughts the heart divined but could not speak;

Can with the call of honor flush the cheek

Or blanch it with the echoes of alarm.

But puny are my powers to thine arm, Who wieldst the master-bow. Thou needst not seek

The utterance, inadequate and weak, Of language and the stumbling stilts of form.

From that quaint casket, spanned with throbbing chords,

As 't were my heartstrings, thou canst voices draw

Ineffably sad, soft, inarticulate words; Canst rule my soul against my reason's law.

Rouse yearnings that no language can express

And break my heart for very tenderness.

CHARLES ROBINSON OF KANSAS

WHEN the great ice-floes from the pole moved down

To plow and harrow the mid-continent, Upon them rode the granite masses, rent

In passing from the mountains gray and brown

Of the still, frozen North. Men see them crown

The midland knolls, their errant forces spent,

In splendid isolation eloquent,

Seeming at times to smile, at times to frown.

Of such stern substance was our Robinson.

He rode the human drift—yet steered, no less—

That blest the West with men of Mayflower stock;

Conscious of strength he loved to stand alone,

Steadfast and cool amid the storm and stress,

On Kansas plains a piece of Plymouth Rock.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(Died June 13, 1878)

EVEN as the glowing sun sinks in the west

After a perfect cloudless summer day, Brim full of busy hours and minutes gay

That with its genial beams have been caressed.

His tireless hands have found their wellearned rest

After these many toilful, fruitful years,

And full of light his life sun disappears

From all the grateful scenes its rays had
blessed.

In him dumb Nature found a skilful tongue

For all the thoughts wherewith her breast is rife;

Old Homer's harp, by him most sweetly strung,

Has twanged Odysseus' woes and Ilion's strife;

But yet of all the songs this minstrel sung The noblest was the poem of his life.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER

J. M. M.

(In memory of a visit to the poet by two friends, one from South Carolina, the other from Kansas.)

BENIGNANT spirit, to thy hallowed seat

Led by the homage due to seer and sage,

Came late two children of the newer age

To sit a deathless hour at thy feet;

One from the freshened ardor and generous heat

Of the palmetto's twice-bought heritage,

And one made from the plains his pilgrimage

Where bleeding Kansas' wounds are healed with wheat.

Oh, well for thee, my country, proud and fair,

When the new North, reborn in the wide West,

And the new South, in such serener air, Shall the new Union in one fane invest

Of sweet good will—and woe to those who tear

Like vampires the old wounds upon thy breast!

JOHN BROWN

HAD he been made of such poor clay as we,

Who, when we feel a little fire aglow 'Gainst wrong within us, dare not let it grow,

But crouch and hide it, lest the scorner see

And sneer, yet bask our self-complacency In that faint warmth,—had he been fashioned so,

The nation ne'er had come to that birth-throe

That gave the world a new humanity. He was no vain professor of the word—

His life a mockery of his creed;—he made

No discount on the Golden Rule, but heard

Above the Senate's brawls and din of trade

Ever the clank of chains, until he stirred

The nation's heart on that immortal raid.

IT DOES NOT PAY

T does not pay to struggle so
And let the blessed present go—
To hang wind-swung with hopes and
fears,

And long sore-hearted through the years,

While round our feet heaven's violets grow.

Our soul's best treasure we bestow
On fame—for what, we do not know;
But cares increase, and graves, and
tears—
It does not pay.

Far off the treacherous vistas show
Dim splendors in a golden glow;
Beside us, seen too late, appears
The hateful woman with the shears:

Alas, we struggle on although
It does not pay.

THE MASTER OF BRYNWOOD

FAIR Brynwood looks out from the hill

O'er thicket and terrace and lawn,

Every tree in its place knows the light of his face,

But the Master of Brynwood is gone.

As aforetime the tremulous east Climbs up toward the sky in the dawn,

But his worshipping eyes who saw God in those skies,

The Master of Brynwood is gone.

The treasures of art that he loved

From the walls that he built beckon
down;

On the shelves crowd the friends he had brought from earth's ends,

But the Master of Brynwood is gone.

We shall miss the quick wit at the board,

The wise word from counsel withdrawn;

We shall start as we turn to his place but to learn

That the Master of Brynwood is gone.

Yet his spirit, a presence benign, In all his loved haunts will live on;

His life added worth to this corner of earth,

Though the Master of Brynwood be gone.

Dear Mistress of Brynwood, be strong; Our hearts too are sore with your pain, God's love be your stay till He give you

one day

The Master of Brynwood again.

7

BENEATH THE ICE

BENEATH the ice the waters run—
The roof by frost-elves deftly spun—

Unseen, yet no less rapidly
To meet the ever-waiting sea
And with the great deep be made one.

The stream that under summer's sun Turbid and angry tumbled on, From every taint of earth is free Beneath the ice.

This life, in storm and stress begun,
Ere all its seaward course is done
May its snow-covered levels be
Of passion quit and vanity,—
Of self and selfish cares be none
Beneath the ice.

THE TIDE IS OUT

THE tide is out, and left and right
Full many a grewsome, uncouth
sight

The marshy river flats reveal,
While here and there a venturous keel
Creeps warily through some shallow
bight.

Above, the sea-gulls gray and white Weird calling wing their heavy flight; The dripping piers despondent feel The tide is out.

Thus in the soul erst crystal bright
Unlovely objects come to light,
When the high floods of faith and zeal,
Wont with their kind waves to conceal
Our frailties, ebb, and in the night
The tide is out.

UNDER THE LEAVES

A CARPET all of faded brown,
On the gray bough a dove that
grieves;

Death seemeth here to have his own, But the spring violets nestle down Under the leaves.

A brow austere and sad gray eyes,
Locks in which Care her silver weaves;
Hope seemeth tombed no more to rise,
But God He knoweth on what wise
Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies
Under the leaves.

A STORMY NIGHT

THE wind is full of homeless souls—

Each man pray for his near ones!

They wail along the lower sky

And the tops of the great elms toss and sigh—

May God protect my dear ones!

The cold moon rides with her evil eye—
Each man pray for his near ones!
The storm is rising from the sea
And all the spirits of wrath are free—
May God protect my dear ones!

The clouds scud low above the lea—
Each man pray for his near ones!
Ere morn what boat may lie on the shoals?

What home be a heap of ashes and coals?

May God protect my dear ones!

WOULD GOD I WERE NOW BY THE SEA

(Theme from Euripides)

On the sandy, sea-weed shore,
Where the waves from the other side of
the world

Roll in forever with high crests curled, Roll in for evermore.

Would God I were now on the shore
With the smooth sand 'neath my feet,
With the salt fresh gale blowing round
my head,

And the scolding sea-gulls with wings outspread,—

The sea-gulls flying fleet.

Would God I were now on the wave, On the rising, sinking deck,

Would God I Were Now by the Sea 103

While the cares that have made me weary of time

Might still have the mountain wall to climb

And never find my track.

Would God I were now on the deck,
Far front on the soaring prow,
With eyes on the far-off, phantom sail,
Or the changing green of the swirling
swale,—

The soft green field we plow.

Ah, God, for the giant sea,

The restless, restful sea!

With wife and wee one close by my side

And a few good friends with their discourse wide

To soothe and comfort me.

KING ARTHUR'S HUNT

A Legend of Gascogne *

H, Arthur the King on a Sunday morn

In a country church was praying,
When he heard through the door the
blast of a horn,

And his good hound Hauston baying.

Oh, his huntsman's heart leaped sharp in his breast,

And his lips forgot their duty;
He rose from his knees all unconfessed
To follow the forest's booty.

But woe is the man, be he knave or king.
Who lightly leaves his praying,
For love, or for danger, or anything,
Yea, even a deer-hound's baying.

* It is a curious fact in folk-lore that this legend, essentially that of the Wild Huntsman, should be found in southern France attached to King Arthur.

But Arthur the King's on his courser's back.

And his horn makes a music merry,— When the tempests of God snatch hunter and pack

And up to the welkin carry.

And ever unshriven along the sky, At midnight, with wild hallooing And baying of hounds, King Arthur storms by,

A phantom stag pursuing.

And when on a wild and furious night The children are tucked under cover, They murmur a prayer, twixt pity and fright,

For the poor king flying over.

FAREWELL TO A MODEST SCHOLAR

(ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD)

WITHOUT ado, as he has done
His work among us, he'll be
gone.

The rulers will not realize
That they have lost a priceless prize.
Serenely they will meet the case
And talk of filling Canfield's place;
Who know him, know such hope is vain;
Wise, patient, clear, judicious, fair,
The artist temper, fine and rare—
We shall not see his like again.

He had not learned to sound the trump Of his own merits, nor could pump Praise from his students, quid pro quo; He did not keep a press bureau. He never slapped the powers that be In jovial jest upon the knee. He minded his own business, which He understood to be—to teach;

Impartially to gem and clod He taught as in the fear of God.

He taught as in the fear of God;
The toilsome, patient way he trod,
Knowing that what is built to stay
Is never builded in a day;
That conscience in the teacher's ways
More teaches than her loudest praise
From such as follow wandering lights
Of gain, world's plaudits, rank, and
spites;

That scholarship and character
Worth more than show and trappings
are.

He had no cabinets to show
Of Nature's wonders set a-row,
The output of his annual pains,
He merely worked in human brains;
Dealt in the deathless thoughts of men—
His tool the inconspicuous pen.
His has the thankless office been
To represent the things unseen.
Without ado, as he has done
His work among us, he 'll be gone.

MY MUSE

NO coy Greek to lure and tease me,— All her thought intent to please me,

On a stool my chair beside, Saxon-haired and Scottish-eyed, Sits my muse, a sprite substantial.

I am forced to do no wooing;
Half the time I hear her cooing,
Hear her patter on the floor,
Or her tapping at my door,—
Keep her out? What mortal man shall?

She has pinky arms and bosom—
It would break my heart to lose 'em;
And her stature 's not divine—
Somewhere about three feet nine;
Reynolds never would have missed her.

She 's her will of me for wishing,
And to-day she goes a-fishing
With a mahlstick for a pole,
For her line a shoestring whole,—
What brook-dweller could resist her?

I cannot; my rhymes confusing, She has caught, this maid amusing, Her papa, without a hook, Pulled him clean out of his book, And a foolish fish I flounder.

THE PLACE TO BE BORN

MET last night a wand'ring sprite,
Flying the wide world over,
Prepared for birth on God's dear earth,
A body-seeking rover.

"God greet thee, man," the sprite began,
"Right glad I am to meet thee;
To-morrow morn I 'm to be born;
Thy counsel, I entreat thee."

"Asia I scanned and Europe-land— Scenes I should be forlorn in; Thou 'st travelled wide; help me decide The best place to be born in."

"Dear sprite," I said, "I praise thy head;

Far more than rich bonanzas

Thy birthplace worth; thou 'lt find on
earth

No better place than Kansas."

FLOWER AND SONG

Ι

DUG a little flower
From out the forest-shade,
And set it in my garden
Where light and sunshine played.

I went to watch it daily,
I tended it with care,
And said, "With this no other
Shall ever dare compare."

And yet it slowly withered
Beneath the cheerful sun,
And died there in my garden
Before a week was done.

II

I took a little fancy
From out my tangled brain,
And set it to the music
Of an old-time, sweet refrain.

I decked it out in figures,
I nursed it with fine words,
And said, "My little songlet
Shall be sung by all the birds."

Its spirit waned and vanished Beneath its wordy weight, And it died with all its music And met the flower's fate.

A MIRACLE

DOWN through the dusty streets I go:

The prosy brick fronts stand arow; Electric wires besieve the sky, Electric cars go clanging by; The July sun malignant glares Upon the huckster's drooping wares; The sparrows in the gutter flirt Ditch-water on my lady's skirt; Two miles of this to Boston town,-Enough to cast one's spirits down! Then suddenly a breath of air, Unheralded, from who knows where, Brings to my sense an odor faint, Unrecognized yet eloquent, And, whiff! the dulsome street is gone-Before me towers the Pantheon! Behind that mighty portico Lurk the great gods of long ago; About me flit the imperious shades Of those who built these colonnades:

113

Agrippa, he who talked with Paul,
Trajan, Septimius and all
The older and the newer lords
Who bound the Seven Hills with cords.
Time is wiped out, and once again
I mingle with Italian men,
While on me, scarce a league from home,
Falls the immortal spell of Rome.

EVERY SPRING IS GREENER

WAS walking with the senator to catch the early train,—

The senator with stocks and bonds galore,—

And for fit commercial phrases I was cudgelling my brain,

When quite unexpectedly Said the senator to me:

"Somehow this spring seems greener than any spring before."

"I see no especial reason, and it was not always so,

But I've noticed it a dozen years or more:

And I wonder whether others, when the green begins to grow

Bright enough to catch the eye,

Feel about it as do I:

That each new spring is greener than any spring before."

The senator is hearty, but his crown is growing gray,—

His years are fifty-three or fifty-four,— And this may not be the reason, but I rather think it may,—

For the contrast with the snow On his head perhaps may show

Why the green each spring seems greener than any spring before.

Youth, they say, is hope's own season, but they know not what they mean;

Youth's a butterfly that wings the garden o'er,

Seeking gaudy flowers that perish, while
in age that glides serene
Down life's final snowy slope
Stronger grows immortal hope
And every spring is greener than any
spring before.

THE GOSPEL OF HATE

"We are unanimous in our hatred of England."—From a late interview with a late statesman.

HATE England? Hate our kith and kin

That speak our common mother-tongue,

The speech that Hampden thundered in, The tones that Burns and Milton sung?

Hate England? Hate our ancient home, Whose every acre knows a story, From Caithness' crags to Cornwall's foam, Of Keltic pluck and Saxon glory?

But who is this that preaches hate?

I think we know the accent well,—
The fallen archangel of our State,
The scoffing civic infidel,

Who built a great renown of spite, Who called the Christian statesman fool,

Who based his law of right on might And cast away the Golden Rule.

So, while the bells of Christendom
Tell earthly homes and empyrean
That Christ, the Prince of Peace, is come,
The lowly, loving Galilean,

A new messiah clears his throat Bad tidings of great woe to tell, And utters with discordant note The gospel of the reign of hell,

And thoughtless followers mid the murk Of war revise the angels' strain: Peace e'en to the unspeakable Turk, Good will to all but Englishmen!

Hate lust for land, and hate no less
The greed that seeks its gain in gore;
Stand firm as England taught us, yes,
Against aggression evermore.

Hate bullying? Aye. Hate greed? Amen. Hate tyranny and wrong? Forever-In Briton or American:

But hate all England? Shame! No. never!

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

WHILE Christmas comes around but once a year

With Christmas revelry and Christmas cheer,

Life starts anew with each new morning ray

And every day, thank God, is New Year's Day.

OLD YEAR AND NEW

THE Old Year has done what it could for me;

All of it that was good for me
Has now become a part of me.
Whatever the New may bring to me,
May only the good of it cling to me
And enter into the heart of me.

TO-MORROW

(Free after a Spanish song)

BLEST of love but yesterday,
Lorn of love to-day I sorrow;
Though to-morrow I should die,
Yet to-day and eke to-morrow
Would I dream of yesterday.

LIFE

(From the Italian of Metastasio)

THE Past is not, but memory
With vivid brush recalls it;
The Future is not, but fond hope
With eager breath forestalls it.
The Present only is—a flash—
It passes ere the thunder's crash.
Such, then, is life and all that 's in it:
A hope, a memory, and a minute.

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A LAW SCHOOL

(University of Kansas)

OF old upon the mountain height, Subdued by deep and solemn awe, His face aglow with unknown light, The Hebrew seer received the law.

No maze of precedent confused
The feet that first on Sinai trod;
The primal code of Israel used
The plain and simple will of God.

May those who gather at this shrine, Both those who teach and those who learn,

As to a presence all divine

Bring hearts that for God's service
burn.

Here, as of old upon the mount,
The law to men shall be revealed,
And here at learning's christening font
Her chosen Levites shall be sealed.

Grant in this later day, O Lord,
That right and law may blend in one,
And justice show a flaming sword
To every wrong beneath the sun.

LIFE AT K. S. U.

(Air: 'S gibt kein schöner Leben)

NEITHER prince nor peasant leads a life so pleasant

As the student's life at K. S. U.

Fair Mount Oread daily he ascendeth gaily

And descends again when day is through;

By his side a maiden with whose books he's laden

And perhaps a vagrant thought or two; Who can see and wonder that he 's loth to sunder

His associations with K. U.

Or, since tastes will vary and the maids be chary,

Some with bulldogs have to be content;

Not on sweets and flowers, all their coin and powers

Now on pipes and puppycakes are spent.

And, mirabile dictu! there are some who stick to

Study, when they 've nothing else to do:

Who can see and wonder that they 're loth to sunder

Their associations with K. U.

Earth 's no vision rarer, not a landscape fairer

Then each day before our eyes expands:

Kansas skies are bluer, Kansas hearts are truer

Than the hearts and skies of other lands.

Then whate'er the weather, let us sing together:

Rock Chalk for the Crimson and the Blue:

Neither prince nor peasant leads a life so pleasant

As the student's life at K. S. U.

TRINK AUF MEIN WOHL MIT AUGEN NUR

(Aus dem Englischen von Ben Jonson)

TRINK auf mein Wohl mit Augen nur,
So trink' ich auch auf deins,
Oder im Becher lass 'nen Kuss,
So wünscht' ich nie des Weins.
Den Durst, der von der Seele steigt,
Nur Himmelsnektar stillt,
Den deinen tauscht' ich aber nicht
Um den, der Göttern quillt.

Dir schickt' ich jüngst 'nen Rosenkranz,
Dir nicht so wohl zur Ehr',
Als in der Hoffnung, dass bei Dir
Er unverwelket wär';
Du hauchtest nur die Rosen an
Und sandst sie wieder mir,
Da blühn und duften sie, fürwahr,
Nach Rosen nicht, nach Dir.

OFT IN DER STILLEN NACHT

(Aus dem Englischen von Thomas Moore)

FT in der stillen Nacht,
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,
Sanft mir's im Herzen tagt
Von Zeiten, die vergangen;
Die Freud', das Leid der Kinderzeit,
Die holden Wort' gesprochen,
Die Augen lieb, versunken trüb,
Treu' Herzen nun gebrochen;
So senkt die stille Nacht,
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,
Sanft um mich her das Licht
Der Zeiten, die vergangen.

Denk' ich der Freunde all'
Also verknüpft, wie Blätter
Zerstreuet nach dem Fall
Des Laubs im Winterwetter,
Mir ist, wie dem, der einsam käm'
Zum Saale nach dem Schmause,
Die Fackeln fort, die Kränz' verdorrt,
Die Gäste längst nach Hause;
So senkt die stille Nacht,
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,
Sanft um mich her das Licht
Der Zeiten, die vergangen.









Date Due



